

# The Mirror

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## Coxwoud, Yorkshire,

Where Sterne wrote his "*Sentimental Journey*."



So long as the fine blendings of humour and pathos have charms for the sensitive reader, the writings of LAURENCE STERNE will be cherished with fond regard. In the school of morality, Sterne is what Hogarth is in that of painting—and he is aptly termed the "painting moralist." The brightness of fancy, the playfulness of wit, the pungency of satire, the chastisement of folly, and the wholesome reproof of knavery and vice, all succeed each other in lights and shadows of great breadth and beauty; and if they whip not "the offending Adam" out of us, the memory of the writer should be respected for his benevolent views.

The Engraving is consecrated by its association with the above; and many more traits of genius. Sterne was presented with the curacy of Coxwoud, in the year 1760, by Lord Falconbridge. It is situate in the North Riding of Yorkshire. In 1762 Sterne went to France, and two years after to Italy for the recovery of his health. In the summer of 1766 he wrote his "*Sentimental Jour-*  
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ney;" and at the end of 1767 he came to London, to superintend its publication. In March, 1768, he died in Bond-street, at the age of 53.

Many of Sterne's "Letters" are dated from Coxwoud. The first we meet with is dated August 3, 1760, "to my witty widow, Mrs. F." to use his own words, "wrote with the careless irregularity of an easy heart." In this letter, he calls Coxwoud "this Shandy castle of mine;" and says, "I have just finished one volume of Shandy." In a letter of the following year he says, "To-morrow morning (if Heaven permit) I begin the fifth volume of Shandy:" he does not, however, enjoy his solitude at Coxwoud, "for, unless for the few sheep left me to take care of in this wilderness, I might as well, nay better, be at Mecca." The following letter, however, gives Coxwoud a more favourable complexion:

"TO A. L———E, ESQ.

"Coxwoud, June 7, 1767.

"DEAR L———E, I had not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your  
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letter greeted me with the seal of friendship; and most cordially do I thank you for so kind a proof of your good-will. I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my sentimental friend, but I would not write to inquire after her, unless I could have sent her the testimony without the tax; for even howd'yes to invalids, or those that have lately been so, either call to mind what is passed or what may return; at least I find it so. I am as happy as a prince at Coxwold; and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live: 'tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish, and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and strawberries, and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills) can produce, with a clean cloth on my table, and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard, and not a parishioner catches a hare or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If solitude would cure a love sick-heart, I would give you an invitation; but absence and time lessen no attachment which virtue inspires. I am in high spirits; care never enters this cottage. I take the air every day in my post-chaise, with two long-tailed horses—they turn out good ones; and as to myself, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines and regimen I submitted to in town.—May you, dear L——, want neither the one nor the other!" Your's truly,

"L. STERNE."

We must temper our opinion of Sterne's writings with lamenting their occasional indelicacies. He was, in many respects, a man of the world, and passed much of his time in the hey-day of gay life; but we believe him to have possessed great sincerity. In one of his Letters he says, "*My Sentimental Journey* will, I dare say, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worst of moulds. Praise be God for my sensibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt."

Sterne has been accused of neglecting his mother, which charge, if true, would evince a bad heart. Lord Byron says Sterne preferred "whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother;" but this comes with ill grace from Byron, who turned from *his* mother's funeral to fisty-cuffs.

## THE NAUTILUS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I BEG to correct an error which appears in No. 381 of the *Mirror*, in giving an account of the Argonaut, or Paper Nautilus. It is there stated, that the shell of this interesting creature is no thicker than paper, and divided into forty compartments, or chambers, through every one of which a portion of its body passes, connected as it were by a thread. This is not the fact. The Argonauta is an entire spiral involute shell, consisting of only one chamber. The shell described as being divided into forty compartments is the Nautilus Pompilius, very erroneously called by several authors, Nautilus Græcorum; whereas the Nautilus of the Greeks was the Paper Nautilus; and it is to this shell our celebrated poet refers:

Learn of the little nautilus to sail;

for it is not proved in any satisfactory manner that the other kind, or Chambered Nautilus, ever sails or navigates his shell; nor has that animal the power of leaving his shell, inhabiting the uppermost or open chamber, which is considerably larger than the others. The rest remain empty, except that the pipe, or siphunculus, which communicates from chamber to chamber, is filled with an appendage or tail of the animal, like a gut or string; whereas in the Argonauta, the animal fills the entire single chamber of the shell, although the animal hitherto found in the few specimens of that shell in a living state, is believed by many scientific men to be a parasite, from not having been found attached to, and not the original builder of, the shell.

J. W.

## THE PATRIOT'S CALL.

(For the Mirror.)

THE song (of which the following translation attempts to convey an idea) was written when the invasion of Napoleon called the German youth to arms. The author was a young man named Arndt, a native of Pomerania, who by his patriotic songs, materially assisted to excite the nation in the war of deliverance. He was appointed Professor of History at the University of Bonn, but was dismissed in 1820 from that situation, in consequence of an abortive attempt to regenerate Germany.

The metre has been preserved in the translation, sometimes perhaps at the expense of the poetry. M. U. S.

RAISE the heart, raise the hand,  
Swear the holy oath of vengeance,  
Swear it by your father-land.

Swear by your ancestral might,  
 By old Deutschland's\* honest fame,  
 Swear it by a freeman's right,  
 Swear it by the holiest name.  
 Hover, hover, high in glory,  
 Holy flag, in fight our guide,  
 No one e'er shall shrink before thee,  
 Floating o'er war's angry tide.  
 Raise the heart, raise the hand,  
 Earth and Heaven shall us hear,  
 And our sacred vow revere,  
 Pledge of truth to father-land.  
 Each our country's symbol cherish,  
 Be her sons to danger steel'd  
 By a thousand deaths to perish,  
 Ere they quit the battle field.  
 Raise the heart, raise the hand,  
 Let the noble banner wave,  
 Ensign of the free and brave,  
 For our holy father-land.

\* Germany.

### The Selector; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES, VOL. II.

(Library of Entertaining Knowledge.)

THIS volume is an improvement upon its predecessor. The anecdotes, instead of being brief, and little more than names and dates, extend into pleasant biographies, and their influence is increased by the means of the subjects rising to eminence being more fully developed.

We quote an interesting account of Mr. Parkes, author of the well-known "Chemical Catechism":—

"Mr. Parkes, as we learn from a communication with which we have been favoured by his surviving daughter, was born in 1761, at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, where his father was a small grocer. At five years of age he was sent to a preparatory school in his native town; and it is remembered that during the time of his attendance at this infant seminary, Mr. Kemble's company of itinerant players having visited Stourbridge, and remained there for some months, that gentleman placed his daughter at the same school, the child who became afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. When ten years old, Parkes was sent to another school, at Market-Harborough; but, after remaining here only a very short time, he was taken away, and apprenticed to a grocer at Ross, in Herefordshire. This person happened to be a man of some education, and to be possessed of a few books, which he very kindly lent to his appren-

tice, and endeavoured to give him a taste for reading; but could not, it is said, gain much of his attention. It does not appear how long young Parkes continued in this situation; but at last his master failed, and he returned home to his father. We now hear no more of him till he had reached his thirty-second year, up to which time, it seems, he remained at home, assisting his father in the shop. It is probable, from the resources he afterwards displayed, that the foundation of many of his acquirements was laid during this interval. Perhaps he had also saved a little money; for he now went to Stoke-upon-Trent, began business on his own account as a soap-boiler, and married. The new line upon which he entered shows that he had been already directing his attention to practical chemistry; but, after persevering for ten years in this business, he met with so little success as to be obliged to give it up; and at the age of forty-two he came up to London, with no property in the world except ten pounds, which had been lent him by his father. It was hard enough to be obliged, as it were, to begin the world again at this time of life; but there was no help for it, and he set to work resolutely. Some friends whom he had made lent him a little assistance, and he began manufacturing muriatic acid, for the use of dyers. It is very evident that, although he had come to town without much money in his pocket, he had brought with him some useful knowledge—one fruit, at least, of the labours of his previous life, of which fortune had not been able to despoil him. This he now turned to excellent account. To his muriatic acid he soon added other chemical preparations, his skill in manufacturing which was not long in being generally appreciated, and eventually procured him a large trade and a high reputation.

"Although Mr. Parkes had probably given considerable attention to some of the practical parts of chemistry before he came up to London, it was only after he had established himself in this last-mentioned line of business that he began to study the subject scientifically. At this time, as we have seen, he was above forty years of age, so that he may be quoted as another most encouraging example for those who have been prevented by any cause from commencing their studies till late in life. Notwithstanding the time he had lost, Mr. Parkes became eventually a most accomplished chemist, and gave to the world a succession of works relating to that science

which, ever since their publication, have held the rank of text-books of high authority. The earliest of these was his '*Chemical Catechism*,' which first appeared in 1805, and of which twelve very large impressions have since been sold. It was translated, soon after its publication, into the German, French, Spanish, and Russian languages; and in Spain and Germany it is the standard manual of instruction in the public schools. By the sale of this work alone the author realized 5,000*l*. The *Catechism* was followed by another work, '*The Rudiments of Chemistry*;' and that by the '*Chemical Essays*,' in five volumes. This last, in particular, of which a new edition has lately appeared, is an excellent performance, and strikingly shows the author's extensive acquaintance with his subject. Like their precursor, these two works were also translated into the principal continental languages, and obtained great popularity abroad, as well as in this country. —Among other gratifying testimonies which the author received of the sense entertained of his labours, was a splendid ring presented to him, for his services to science, by the Emperor of Russia.

"One of the chief merits of the elementary works published by Mr. Parkes, and what must doubtless more than any thing else have helped to make them popular, lies in this—that in all his explanations the author begins at the beginning, and nowhere assumes any information necessary for understanding the subject to exist in the mind of the reader beyond what he has himself communicated.

"Mr. Parkes, in his latter and more prosperous days, used often to dwell with pleasure on his struggles in early life, and naturally felt proud of relating the hardships he had surmounted by his own industry. The success of the different works he published gave him, as might be supposed, the highest gratification. In addition to the literary performances which we have already mentioned, we ought to notice two pamphlets, which he gave to the public in the years 1817 and 1819, in support of the attempt then making, and which was eventually successful, to obtain a repeal of the salt duties. He was one of the most active of the persons who stirred in this matter, anticipating, as it has been already noticed that the celebrated inventor of the *Logarithms* appears to have done, great advantages to agriculture from the use of salt as a manure. Engaged, as he was, in the management of an extensive chemical manufactory,

which required unremitting attention, his hours of literary labour were those which he stole from repose, or from the time which most men give to relaxation and amusement. Yet, besides the different books which, in the course of a few years, he published in his own name, he wrote also numerous papers for the different scientific periodical works of the day. As another evidence, too, of his punctuality and indefatigable industry, it may be mentioned that he had, from an early age, been in the habit of keeping a regular diary of every action of his life, and never retired to bed till he had committed to writing the events of the day. This, and all his other industrious habits, he kept up to the last; and, even up to within a few days of his death, although he had long been suffering under a painful disease, his attention to business, and especially to his scientific pursuits, continued unrelaxed.

"He closed his valuable and active life on the 23rd of December, 1825, in the 65th year of his age."

At the close of the memoir of Sir H. Davy, which follows that of Mr. Parkes, is the following:

"No better evidence can be desired than that we have in the history of Davy, that a long life is not necessary to enable an individual to make extraordinary advances in any intellectual pursuit to which he will devote himself with all his heart and strength. This eminent person was, indeed, early in the arena where he won his distinction; and the fact is a proof how diligently he must have exercised his mental faculties during the few years that elapsed between his boyhood and his first appearance before the public, although, during this time, he had scarcely any one to guide his studies, or even to cheer him onward. Yet, notwithstanding that, he had taken his place, as we have seen, among the known chemists of the age almost before he was twenty-one, the whole of his brilliant career in that character, embracing so many experiments, so many literary productions, and so many splendid and valuable discoveries, extended only over a space of not quite thirty years. He had not completed his fifty-first year when he died. Nor was Davy merely a man of science. His general acquirements were diversified and extensive. He was familiar with the principal continental languages, and wrote his own with an eloquence not usually found in scientific works. All his writings, indeed, show the scholar, and the lover of elegant literature, as well as the ingenious and accomplished philo-

sopher. It not unfrequently happens that able men, who have been their own instructors, and have chosen for themselves some one field of exertion in which the world acknowledges, and they themselves feel, their eminence, both disregard and despise all other sorts of knowledge and acquirement. This is pedantry in its most vulgar and offensive form, for it is not merely ignorant, but intolerant. It speaks highly in favour of the right constitution and the native power of Davy's understanding, that, educated as he was, he escaped every taint of this species of illiberality; and that while, like almost all those who have greatly distinguished themselves in the world of intellect, he selected and persevered in his own favourite path, he nevertheless revered wisdom and genius in all their manifestations."

Of Canova, there is a delightful biography; but we have only room for another page or two from the Memoir of Bloomfield:

"The frequency of the developement of literary talent among shoemakers has often been remarked. Their occupation being a sedentary and comparatively noiseless one, may be considered as more favourable than some others to meditation; but, perhaps, its literary productiveness has arisen quite as much from the circumstance of its being a trade of light labour, and therefore resorted to, in preference to most others, by persons in humble life who are conscious of more mental talent than bodily strength.—Partly for a similar reason, literary tailors have been numerous. We have mentioned in our former volume the Italian writer Gelli, our learned countrymen Hill and Wild, &c.; and to these we might add many others, as, for example, George Ballard, author of 'Memoirs of Learned British Ladies,' and who made himself a good Saxon scholar while practising his trade; the antiquaries Stow and Speed, who both flourished in the sixteenth century, the former the author of 'The Survey of London,' and other very elaborate works, and the latter of a valuable History of Great Britain; and the late celebrated mathematician, Jean Henri Lambert, who, when young, after working all day with his father, who was a tailor, used often to spend the greater part of the night in reading, and in this manner, by the assistance of an old work which came by chance into his possession, instructed himself in the elements of mathematical science. Of literary shoemakers again, or persons who have contrived to make considerable progress

in book-learning, while exercising that handicraft, we have already noticed, among others, Benedict Baudouin, Anthony Purver, Joseph Pendrell, Gifford, and Holcroft. We may add to the list that extraordinary character Jacob Behmen, the German mystic, of whose works we have an English translation, in two volumes quarto, and who continued a shoemaker all his life. But Bloomfield, before entering upon the exercise of his trade, had had the education of his faculties begun while following the equally contemplative, and much more poetical occupation of a keeper of sheep—a condition, the leisure and rural enjoyment of which had fed the early genius of the painter Giotto, the logician Ramus, the mechanician Fergusons the linguist Murray, and many other, of the lights of modern literature and art, as in the ancient world it is said to have done that of the poet Hesiod.—Bloomfield's literary acquirements, however, with the exception of his acquaintance with the mere elements of reading and writing, appear to have been all made during the time he was learning the business of a shoemaker, and afterwards while he worked at the same business as a journeyman.

"It was while he sat plying his trade in his garret, in Bell Alley, with six or seven other workmen around him, that Bloomfield composed the work which first made his talents generally known, and for which principally he continues to be remembered, his 'Farmer's Boy.' It is a curious fact, that, notwithstanding the many elements of disturbance and interruption in the midst of which the author must in such a situation have had to proceed through his task, nearly the half of this poem was completed before he committed a line of it to paper. This is an instance of no common powers, both of memory and of self-abstraction. But these faculties will generally exist in considerable strength when the mind feels a strong interest in its employment. They are faculties also which practice is of great use in strengthening. Bloomfield's feat, on this occasion, appears to have amounted to the composing and recollecting of nearly six hundred lines without the aid of any record; and the production of all this poetry, in the circumstances that have been mentioned, perhaps deserves to be accounted a still more wonderful achievement than its retention."

Such a work as the present needs no recommendation beyond specimens. Its object is plain, straightforward, and useful, and its style abundantly entertaining.

## Retrospective Gleanings.

### LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

(For the Mirror.)

"By this light, I do not thinke but to be Lord Mayor of London before I die, and have three pageants carried before me, besides a ship and an unicorn." GREEN'S TV QUOQUE.

THE inauguration of the chief magistrate of the City of London is attended with much solid festivity, and sometimes with considerable show; yet the manner in which LORD MAYOR'S DAY, as it is popularly called, is now observed, is not by any means comparable with the splendid pomp and symbolic pageantry that accompanied its celebration in former ages.

Whilst under the dominion of "Imperial Rome," London was governed by a præfect—in the Saxon times by a portreeve, and after the coming of the Normans by a portreeve and provost jointly. The appellation of *Mayor* was first bestowed on Henry Fitz-Alwyn, or Fitz-Leofstan, goldsmith, a descendant of the celebrated Duke Ailwyn, alderman of all England, (and kinsman to King Edgar,) who founded Romsey Abbey. This gentleman continued to hold the office till his decease, about twenty-four years afterwards; and in the following year (anno 1214) King John, as a means of conciliating the good-will of the citizens, granted to the "Barons of the city," as they were called in the charter, the privilege of choosing a mayor out of their own body, *annually*, or at their own pleasure to "continue him in that situation from year to year." It was requisite, however, to render this choice effective, that the new mayor should be presented to the king, or in his absence to his justice; but this condition having occasioned great expense and inconvenience, the citizens, in the 37th of Henry VIII. obtained a new charter, empowering them to present their mayor to the "Barons of the Exchequer at Westminster," when the king should not be there; and before those judges he is still sworn. Edward III. in the year 1354, granted to the city the right of having gold and silver *maces* carried before their principal officers; and it was probably at this period that their magistrate was first entitled *Lord Mayor*, a conjecture which receives corroboration, from the circumstance of that officer being rated as an *Earl*, under the levies of the Capitation Tax, in 1379, at the same time the Aldermen were rated as *Barons*.

The right of electing the mayor was formerly resident in the citizens at large when assembled in general *Folk-mote*; yet this having been productive of great disturbances, gave rise to the more confined mode of election by delegates chosen out of each ward. This method (with some variations at different periods) continued till the year 1475, when by an act of common council, the choice of both mayor and sheriffs was vested in the mayor, aldermen, and common council, and the masters, wardens, and livery of the city companies, in which it still remains. The right has been confirmed to them by an act of parliament. The election is made annually on Michaelmas Day, in Guildhall, and whoever is chosen Lord Mayor must have previously served the office of sheriff. He must also be free of one of the twelve principal city companies, or become so before he can be sworn. His power is very extensive, and his supremacy does not cease even on the death of the sovereign, and when this happens, "he is considered as the principal officer in the kingdom, and takes his place accordingly in the privy council until the new king be proclaimed." A memorable instance of this dignity may be seen in the invitation sent by the privy council of James of Scotland, after the demise of Queen Elizabeth, in which the name of Sir Robert Lee, the then Lord Mayor, stands foremost on the list, before all the great officers of state, and the nobility. Since the alteration of the style, the Lord Mayor has been first sworn into office on the 8th of November, at Guildhall, and on the next day (the 9th) at Westminster. The procession made on this last occasion is what is termed the *Lord Mayor's Show*.

The original processions both in going to and returning from Westminster, were by land; but in the year 1453, the custom of going thither by water, which is still continued, was introduced by Sir John Norman, who at his own charge, built a magnificent barge for the purpose, and his example was emulated by the twelve principal city companies, who all built costly barges on this occasion. *Fabian* says that the watermen of the Thames were so highly pleased with the Lord Mayor, through the advantage which they reaped in consequence, that they composed a song in his praise, beginning thus:—

"Row thy boat Norman,  
Row thy boat Lemman."

Long after this the processions by land were rendered extremely attractive through the variety and gorgeousness of

the different pageants, which were introduced as well at the cost of the corporation as of the more affluent companies. *Stow* informs us that, in his memory "great part of Leadenhall was appropriated for the purpose of painting and depositing the pageants for the use of the city," and a considerable number of artificers was kept employed to decorate them, and to invent and furnish the machinery. But it should be remembered that these expenses were not all incurred in honour of the Lord Mayor, the city being at that time accustomed to make pompons shows on various occasions, as coronations, visits of sovereigns, victories, &c. Some of the pageants were entirely of a dramatic cast, and appropriate speeches were assigned to the different characters. This was particularly the case at the inauguration of Sir Woolstone Dixie, who was chosen mayor in 1585, and whose *show* displayed a pageant wherein London was represented by "a beautiful girl gorgeously apparelled," seated under a canopy adorned with the royal arms "in beaten gold," attended by several nymphs, among whom was

"The pleasant Thames—a sweet and dainty out,"

together with magnanimity, loyalty, the country, the soldier, the sailor, and science. The whole was led by a "Moor mounted on the back of a lazarn," who thus opened the same in an address to the chief magistrate:—

"From where the sun doth settle in his wain,  
And yokes his horses to his fiery car,  
And in his course gives life to Ceres' corn—  
Even from the torrid zone, behold I come,  
A stranger, strangely mounted as you see,  
Seated upon a lusty lazarn's back,  
To offer to your Honour (good my Lord!)  
This emblem thus in show significant  
Of lovely London! rich and fortunate:  
Fam'd through the world for peace and happiness!"

Sir John Shaw, who was Lord Mayor in 1501, revived the more ancient custom of riding to Westminster on horseback, but this practice was finally discontinued in Queen Anne's time, Sir Gilbert Heathcote being the last Lord Mayor who rode thither, in 1711. Sir Humphrey Edwin, whom Dean Swift has immortalized in his *Tale of a Tub*, is noted for having gone to a conventicle while mayor, in 1698, in his formalities, and with all the insignia of his office. This indiscreet conduct is supposed to have had considerable influence in the framing of a proviso in the statute, 6th Geo. I. c. iv., which declares that "any mayor, bailiff, or other magistrate, convicted of being present at any place of

worship other than the Church of England, in the peculiar habit of his office, or attending with the ensigns thereof, shall be adjudged incapable to bear any public office or employment whatsoever." It appears that on one or two occasions, as during a plague, &c. when the Barons of the Exchequer have been absent from London, the Lord Mayor has been sworn into office on Tower Hill, by the Constable of the Tower.

Of the costume of the Lord Mayor on these particular occasions anciently, we can only judge from accounts of it on other grand festivities, as it did not appear then as now, to have settled on any decisive habit; and indeed in old prints of Mayors, each is dressed differently. In 1432, the Lord Mayor and his brethren met Henry VI. on his return from France, on horseback, "clothed in crimson velvet, a great velvet hat furred, a girdle of gold about his middle, and a jewel of gold about his neck, trilling down behind him, with his three huntsmen on three great coursers following him, in suits of red, all spangled with silver." *Hentzner*, in 1598, describes the then Lord Mayor, at the proclaiming of Bartholomew Fair, to have been dressed in his scarlet gown, and about his neck a golden chain, to which hung a golden fleece, besides a rich collar. Nor were the Lord Mayor's Feasts near this period, though certainly not equal to modern times, devoid of considerable splendour; Sir Richard Gresham, in 1531, had one hundred and eleven messes of meat; the guests (freemen) entertained at Guildhall were two hundred and seventy-three, and the wardens of the different companies, reckoning two to a company, were one hundred and twenty, making together three hundred and ninety-three, exclusively of many others.

Among his privileges, the Lord Mayor is, as head of the city, principal in all commissions of felony, and Chief Judge for the sessions of gaol delivery at Newgate, Conservator of the Rivers Thames and Medway, and also Chief Butler to the King at his Coronation.

#### THE FIRST PARLIAMENTARY SPEECH OF A BRITISH KING ON RECORD.

THIS was delivered Ann. Dom. 1106, by Henry I. to the great barons of the realm, whom he had summoned by royal mandate to London. He had supplanted his brother, Robert of Normandy, in his right to the English crown, and being apprehensive of that injured relative's vengeance he endeavoured, by

the most artful insinuations, to engage the barons and other nobles in his interest.

"My friends and faithful subjects, both foreigners and natives, you all know very well that my brother Robert was both called by God and elected King of Jerusalem, which he might have happily governed, and how shamefully he refused that rule, for which he justly deserves God's anger and reproof. You know also, in many other instances, his pride and brutality: because he is a man that delights in war and bloodshed, I know that he thinks you a parcel of contemptible fellows; he calls you a set of gluttons and drunkards, whom he hopes to tread under his feet. I, truly, a meek, humble, and peaceable king, will preserve and cherish you in your ancient liberties, which I have formally sworn to perform; will hearken to your wise counsel with patience, and will govern you justly after the example of the best of princes. If you desire it I will strengthen this promise with a written charter, and all those laws which the holy King Edward, by the inspiration of God, so wisely enacted, I will swear to keep inviolate. If you, my brethren, will stand by me faithfully, we shall easily repulse the strongest efforts that the cruellest enemy can make against me and these kingdoms. If I am only supported by the valour and power of the English nation, all the threats of the Normans will no longer seem formidable to me."

#### GUNPOWDER TREASON.

On January 30, 1606, Sir Everard Digby, Robert Winter, John Grant, and Thomas Bates, were executed at the west end of St. Paul's Church; and Guy Fawkes was executed with Thomas Winter, Ambrose Rockwood, and Robert Keyes, within the Old Palace Yard, Westminster, and near the Parliament House, January 31, 1606. Besides the above-mentioned culprits, the Lords Mordaunt and Stourton, two Catholic lords, were fined £1,000. each, and £10,000. afterwards, by the Star-chamber, upon farther discovery of their villainies, and because their absence from parliament had begotten a suspicion of their being deep in the conspiracy; moreover it was proved that they had advanced considerable sums for carrying on the above work. The Earl of Northumberland was fined £30,000. and detained for several years a prisoner in the Tower.

J. R. S.

#### CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following is a copy of the speech that was addressed to his Majesty, by the senior scholar of the grammar-school, in Christ's Hospital, on Lord Mayor's Day, 1761.

"Most august and gracious sovereign, from the condescension and goodness which your majesty displays towards even the meanest of your subjects, we are emboldened to hope you will accept the tribute of obedience and duty which we poor orphans, are permitted to present you.

"Educated and supported by the munificence of a charity, founded, enlarged, and protected by your royal predecessors, with the warmest gratitude we acknowledge our inexpressible obligations to its bounty, and the distinguished happiness we have hitherto enjoyed under the constant patronage of former princes. May this ever be our boast and our glory! Nor can we think we shall prefer our prayer in vain, whilst with earnest but humble supplications, we implore the patronage and protection of your majesty.

"To our ardent petition for your princely favours, may we presume, dread sovereign, to add our most respectful congratulations on your auspicious marriage with your royal consort. Strangers to the disquietude which often dwells within the circle of a crown, long may your majesties experience the heartfelt satisfaction of domestic life; in the uninterrupted possession of every endearment of the most tender union, every blessing of conjugal affection, every comfort of parental felicity. And may a race of princes, your illustrious issue and descendants, formed by the example, and inheriting the virtues of their great and good progenitor, continue to sway the British sceptre to the latest posterity."

As soon as he had finished, the boys in a grand chorus chanted "God save the King, Amen." After this the senior scholar delivered two copies of the speech to the King and Queen.

J. G. B.

#### GIVING WARNING.

A GENTLEMAN, unfortunately linked for life to one who made him feel the weight of his chain, was one day told by the maid that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night.—"Ah, happy girl!" said the master, "I wish I could give her warning too!"

## Tower of London,



TRAITORS GATE.

THE Cut is but a mere vignette illustration of the sanguinary history of the Tower of London. It represents the north, or inside view, of the Traitor's Gate, beneath St. Thomas's Tower, which stands over the moat, near the middle part of the southern wall. The Gate communicates with the river Thames by a passage beneath the wharf, forming the principal entrance to the Tower from the river, and through which, in former times, it was customary to convey state delinquents to the fortress.

The very place has an air of interesting melancholy in its associations: in common terms, it even smells of blood; and it is no stretch of romance to imagine the arrival of the boat, with its heavily-plashing oar breaking the death-like silence of the arched channel in the distance of the Engraving. The ill-starred captives who have passed through this gate to their "prison lodging" likewise increase the gloom of the scene. Among its records, we may mention one in the reign of Queen Mary; when, upon the rising of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Princess Elizabeth, Mary's sister, underwent a strict and severe confinement in the Tower of above two months' duration, on suspicion of being implicated in that attempt; but Wyatt, with his dying breath, when on the scaffold,

solemnly absolved her from any knowledge of his design. Elizabeth was conveyed by water to the Tower, and compelled to enter at the *Traitor's Gate*, where, on setting her foot upon the steps, she exclaimed, with that spirit and dignity which ennobled her character—"Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it."

Elizabeth is said to have been confined in the Bell Tower, so named from the alarm-bell of the garrison being placed in a wooden turret on its summit.

The Tower above Traitor's Gate is "a large rectangular edifice, the outer line of which is strengthened by two circular towers, projecting from the south-east and south-west angles. These towers have been very little altered, and interiorly exhibit some interesting examples of the early pointed architecture of Henry the Third's reign. Within each tower are two little vaulted apartments of a sexagonal form, and corresponding in dimensions, their greatest width being nine feet. The ribs of the vaulting rise from the capitals of small round columns. This Tower is now appropriated to the raising of water, and contains a steam-engine, water-wheel, and other machinery."<sup>\*</sup>

\* Britton's Memoir of the Tower, sm. 8vo. 1830.  
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## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

NORMAN CONQUEST OF ENGLAND.

*By M. Thierry.*

WE give the account of this memorable day in the words of our author, as we consider his description a fine specimen of historical writing; the facts and the manners being first drawn fresh from the well of contemporary writers, and then thrown together with that felicitous grouping, and that warm glow of imagination, which distinguish the higher historian from the mere chronicler or annalist.

"Upon that ground, which ever since has been known by a name borrowed from the battle, the Anglo-Saxon lines occupied a chain of little hills, fortified on all sides by a rampart of strong wooden piles and twisted branches. On the night of the 13th of October, 1066, William announced to his army, that on the day following he had determined to fight. Upon this the priests and monks, who with the hopes of plunder had changed their cassocks for steel coats, and followed the army in great numbers, resumed their religious duties, and whilst the knights and soldiers were preparing their arms and their horses, offered up prayers and sang litanies for the safety of the host. The little portion of time which remained was employed by the soldiers in the confession of their sins and receiving the sacrament. In the other army the night passed in a very different manner, the Saxons abandoning themselves to great revelry, shouting and singing their national ballads, crowding round their camp fires, and quaffing their horns full of beer and wine.

"When morning broke, in the Norman camp the Bishop of Bayeux, clothed in a steel hauberk which he wore beneath his rocquet, celebrated mass, and blessed the troops: he then threw himself upon a superb white horse, and with his lance in his hand drew up his squadron of cavalry. The Norman army was divided into three columns or lines. In the first were the men at arms belonging to the counties of Boulogne and Ponthieu, along with the greater part of those soldiers who served for pay; the second consisted of the Bretons and Poitevins; and the third was formed of the best troops of Normandy, led by the duke in person. In front of each of these columns or battalions were drawn up several lines of footmen clothed in light armour, worn over a quilted cas-

sock, and bearing either long bows or steel cross-bows. The duke rode a Spanish horse, with which a rich Norman had presented him, on his return from a pilgrimage to Sant Iago, in Galicia. He wore, suspended round his neck, the most holy of the relics upon which Harold had sworn; and a young Norman called Tonstain-le-Blanc carried at his side the standard which had been blessed by the pope. At the moment the soldiers were about to march, with a loud voice he thus addressed them:—"Take care that you fight well, and to death: if the day is ours, it will make our fortunes for us all. Whatever I gain, you shall gain; if this land is to be mine, it shall be yours also. You know well that I am come here not only to claim my right, but to avenge our nation of the felony, perjury, and treasons of these English. Have they not murdered the Danes upon the night of St. Brice, slaying alike both women and men? Have they not decimated the companions of Alfred, my ancestor, and caused them to perish? Advance then, and with the aid of God let us revenge upon them all their misdeeds."

"The army moved forward, and soon found itself in view of the Saxon camp, which lay to the north-west of Hastings, and the priests and monks who had hitherto marched in the ranks, now left them in a body and took their station upon a neighbouring height, where they could offer up their prayers, and behold the battle undisturbed. At this moment, a Norman knight, named Taillefer, spurred his horse in front of the battle, and with a loud voice began the song of Charlethagne and Roland, chanting those valorous deeds which were then famous throughout France. As he sung, he played with his sword, casting it high in the air and catching it again with his right hand, whilst the Normans joined in the chorus, or shouted their cry of God aid us! God aid us! Arrived within bow shot, the archers began to discharge their arrows, and the cross-bowmen their quarrels, but the shots were for the most part blunted or thrown off by the high parapet which surrounded the Saxon intrenchments. The foot lancers and cavalry then advanced to the gates of the fortification and attempted to force them; but the Anglo-Saxons drawn up on foot around their standard, which was fixed in the earth, and forming a compact and solid mass behind their intrenchments, received their assailants with tremendous cuts of their steel axes, which were so heavy and sharp, that they broke the

lances and cut sheer through the coats of mail. This so dispirited the Normans, that unable either to force the intrenchments, or remove the palisades, they retreated upon the column which William commanded, worn out with their fruitless attack. The duke, however, commanded the archers to advance anew, giving orders to them no longer to shoot point blank, but with an elevation, so that the arrows might descend within the intrenchments of the enemy. Many of the English were wounded by this manœuvre, chiefly in the face, and Harold himself had his eye struck by an arrow, notwithstanding which he still continued to fight at the head of his army. The Norman infantry and cavalry again advanced to the attack, encouraging each other by shouts of God aid us! and invocations to the Virgin; but they were repulsed by a sudden sally from one of the gates of the intrenched camp, and driven back upon a ravine covered with brushwood and thick grass, where from the roughness of the ground their horses stumbled, and falling confusedly and thickly upon each other were slain in great numbers. At this moment a panic terror seemed to seize the foreign army: a report arose that the duke had fallen, and a flight began which must soon have been fatal, had not William thrown himself before the fugitives, threatening and even striking them with his lance till he compelled them to turn back. Behold me! my friends, cried he, taking off his helmet, it is I myself, I still live, and by the help of God I shall be victorious. Upon this, the men at arms renewed their attack upon the intrenchments, but still found it impossible to make a breach in the palisades, or to force the gates, when the duke bethought himself of a stratagem, by which he might induce the English to break their ranks and leave their position. He gave orders to a squadron of a thousand horse to advance and afterwards to retire suddenly as if they fled. At the sight of this pretended flight the Saxons lost their presence of mind, and with one consent rushed from their intrenchments with their battle axes slung round their necks; suddenly a concealed body joined the fugitives who wheeled about, and the English, thrown into disorder and taken by surprise in their turn, found themselves assaulted on all sides with the sword and the lance, whose strokes they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in managing their ponderous battle-axes. Their ranks being once broken, the intrenchments were carried, and foot and horse indis-

criminately rushed in, but the close battle was still maintained with great obstinacy and hand to hand. Duke William had his horse killed under him, and Harold with his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was instantly torn down and replaced by the sacred banner that had been sent from Rome. The remains of the English army prolonged the struggle, till the shades of night falling upon the field rendered it impossible for the combatants to distinguish each other except by the difference of language.

"The few surviving companions of Harold, to use the words of an old historian, after having well fulfilled their duty to their country, dispersed in all directions, yet many covered with wounds or worn out with their exertions lay stretched along the neighbouring roads, whilst the Normans in the fierce and cruel exultation of their victory spurred and galloped their horses over the bodies of the vanquished. They remained all night upon the field of battle, and next day the duke, at the rising of the sun, drew up his army, and from the roll which had been written before their departure from St. Valery, called the names of all who had landed in England. Multitudes of these now lay dead or dying, stretched beside the Saxons, and those who had the good fortune to survive, enjoyed as the first fruits of their victory, the plunder of the slain. In examining the dead bodies, thirteen were found with the monkish habit under their armour. These were the Abbot of Hida and his twelve companions; and the name of their monastery was the first which was inscribed in the black roll of the Conquerors.

"The mothers, the wives and the children of those soldiers who had willingly marched from the adjoining neighbourhood to die with the monarch of their choice, now hurried pale and trembling to the field, to claim and carry away the dead bodies which had been stripped and plundered by the enemy. Two monks of the monastery of Waltham, which had been founded by the Saxon king, came humbly to the duke and requested the body of Harold, offering ten marks of gold for permission to pay the last duties to their benefactor. It was given them, and they repaired to the spot, but found it impossible amid the heaps of slain to distinguish the body for which they sought, so much was it disfigured by the wounds which covered it. Sad and despairing of success, they addressed themselves to a beautiful woman whom Harold had loved before he was

king, and besought her to accompany them in a second search. Her name was Edith Swane-hals, the swan-necked Edith. She consented to the mournful errand, and affection more quick-sighted than either friendship or devotion soon led her to the mangled body of her lover."

No battle could be more obstinately contested than that which decided the fate of England, and seated a new dynasty on the throne. It began at nine in the morning, and continued not only as stated by Mr. Thierry till night, but was prolonged throughout a great part of the night. The Duke of Normandy, according to some historians, had three horses killed under him, and Harold fought with such desperate valour, and so ably availed himself of the strong position which he had chosen, that but for his death, which happened late in the evening, a very different result might have taken place. Even after that fatal event, when the Saxons were at last driven from their intrenchments, they made so desperate a stand in a neighbouring valley, that the Normans took to flight, and William, hastening through the dark to the spot, met Eustace, Count of Bologne, and fifty of his iron clad knights flying at full speed. With the broken truncheon of his lance, which was all that remained to him, he rallied the fugitives for a moment, and the Count Eustace, as he leant over the neck of his horse to speak to the duke, received in the dark and from an unknown hand a blow between the shoulders, which caused the blood to burst out of his mouth and nostrils. The Norman historians delicately conceal the hand that dealt this, and appear to insinuate that it belonged to some Saxon warrior, but we think there can be little doubt that the correction came from William's broken truncheon. Be this as it may, the duke again charged the Saxons and finally drove them from the field. It is almost impossible to ascertain the exact numbers of the respective armies; but we think there can be little doubt, in opposition to the exaggeration of the Norman writers, that Harold's army was greatly inferior to that of the duke. It is evident that he fought the battle before his new levies had been made, and with that comparatively small body of troops with which he had attempted to surprise the Norman camp. Defeated in this, he availed himself of his military skill in intrenching his troops in ground which appears to have been ably selected, and in supplying the defect of numbers by the great strength of

his position. He appears likewise by a device somewhat similar to that which was practised by Bruce at Bannockburn, to have intersected the ground over which he expected the Norman cavalry to charge with deep ditches, and towards the middle of the battle the stratagem took effect, and immense numbers of the invaders perished in these concealed pits.—*Foreign Quarterly Rev.* No. 12.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

HAZLITT used to play at rackets for five or six hours at a time: sometimes quarrelling with his adversary, but not bearing malice. He liked a stout antagonist. "That fellow," said he, speaking of one who showed himself disheartened, "will never do any thing in the world: he never plays well, unless he is successful. If the chances go against him, he always misses the ball; he cries *Craven!*"—"That," said some one, "is French courage."—"I don't call it courage at all," said H. "and certainly not French courage. The French have fought well; they have endured too, more than enough,—without your present imputation. Did you ever fight a Frenchman?"—"No."—"Then don't make up your mind yet to your theory: reduce it to practice, and see if it be bullet-proof."

.... Miscalculating his expenses, he once found himself at Stamford reduced almost to his last shilling. He set off to walk to Cambridge, but having a pair of new boots on they gave him acute pain. In this predicament, he tried at twenty different places to exchange them for a pair of shoes or slippers of any sort, but no one would accommodate him. He made this a charge against the English. "Though they would have got treble the value by exchanging," said he, "they would not do it, because it would have been useful to me."—"Perhaps," said some one, jestingly, "they did not know that you came honestly by them."—"Ah! true," said H. "that did not strike me before. That shakes my theory in this respect, if it be true; but then, it corroborates another part of it; so the fact is valuable either way. There is always a want of liberality, either in their thoughts or actions." [This was merely humour.]

.... The poetry of — became the subject of conversation. "He is so tawdry, and shallow, and common-place, and full of fine words," said some one, "that I cannot endure him. I am sick before I get to the end of a canto of his

pompous nonsense: you see the mean, vulgar thoughts underneath all. He always reminds me of one of the fellows at Bartholomew Fair."—"He is certainly very bad," said another, assentingly; "he is like a great, stupid boy, who has 'got into five syllables,' and cannot get out."—"There is a sense of his own imperfections in all this," observed Hazlitt, mixed with a notion of his being able to cheat the world out of its good opinion. He is like one of those dirty Jews who swagger about, put on half-a-dozen seals and a hundred rings, and think that they pass for lords!"

.... When I first knew Charles Lamb, I ventured one evening to say something that I intended should pass for wit. "Ha! very well; very well, indeed!" said he, "Ben Jonson has said worse things," [I brightened up, but he went stammering on to the end of the sentence]—and—and—and—*better!*" A pinch of snuff concluded this compliment, which put a stop to my wit for the evening. I related the thing to Hazlitt, afterwards, who laughed. "Ay," said he, "you are never sure of him till he gets to the end. His jokes would be the sharpest things in the world, but that they are blunted by his good-nature. He wants malice,—which is a pity."—"But," said I, "his words at first seemed so."—"Oh! as for that," replied Hazlitt, "his sayings are generally like women's letters; all the pith is in the postscript."

.... Several persons were regretting that — (who, we all agreed, was a singularly kind-hearted, vivacious, and intelligent man) should be eternally bruited one opinion, that was disagreeable to every body. "'Tis like a rash," said Hazlitt, "and comes out every summer. Why doesn't he write a book (if he has any thing to say) and get rid of his complaints at once?"

.... "What do you think of X—?" said some one. "He is a goodnatured, genteel, proud, foolish fellow," said Hazlitt, "and as vapid as a lord. He was telling me yesterday about his dining every day on French dishes, &c. &c. whereas, to my knowledge, he is often obliged to go without any dinner at all." "He is like the Spanish Hidalgo, in Lazarillo de Tormes," said I, "who dines heartily upon a draught of water, and only eats the cow-heel and a lump of bread to give pleasure to his inferiors." "X—," pursued Hazlitt, "has but one golden idea in his treasury, and that is as to his own gentility. He keeps aloof, and would as soon ex-

change opinions with a rustic or a mechanic, as he would run against a chimney-sweeper. All that he has is traditionary—his father's—his grandfather's—his grandmother's! There has been no *cross* in the ideas of the family for the last two centuries. The consequence is, that they are all worn out. X— is as bad as a Bourbon. He wanted once to get employment from a bookseller, and when he was asked what recommendation he had, he replied—'that he was the head of the oldest family in —shire!'"

*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### THE DISTANT GRAVE.

They tell me that his grave is made  
Where the stately palm tree bendeth,  
A summer temple, upon whose shade  
The purple eve descendeth.

They say the mighty ocean swells  
Beside where he is sleeping.  
That moaning winds and murmuring shells  
Seem like perpetual weeping.

'Tis his fitting tomb the sea-girt strand,  
His fitting dirge the billow—  
But I wish he were laid in his native land,  
By yon meek and lowly willow.

His father's grave is beneath you tree,  
His mother's grave is beside it—  
There's space at the feet for him and me,  
My brother: we shall not divide it.

I would I could kneel above by thy grave,  
And pray for the much-loved sleeper;  
But my thoughts go over the far wild wave,  
And my lonely grief grows deeper.

You fear'd for her whose cheek was pale,  
Which your last kiss left yet paler—  
The life your fondness deem'd so frail,  
Your own has been yet frailer.

I would you slept mid familiar things,  
Which your childhood wont to cherish,  
Where the church its holy shadow flings  
And your native wild-flowers perish.

The more I think of the dreary sea,  
The more we feel divided,  
Thy tomb had been like a friend to me,  
Where my sorrow had been confided.

But my God is recalling the life he gave,  
My love with my grief is dying.  
But the spirit—the heavens know no grave,  
And my heart is on those relying.

L. E. L. *Ibid.*

Of course we do not quote this song for its novelty. Our object is to give the precise dialect in which it ought to be sung.

#### THE POWCHER'S SONG.

WHEN I was boon apprentice  
In famous Zoomerzet Shere,  
Lauks! I served my meester truly  
Vor nearly seven year,  
Until I took to Powchering,  
As you shall quickly heer.

CHOR. Oo, 'twas ma delvght in a shiny night  
In the season of the year,  
Oo, 'twas ma delvght in a shiny night,  
In the season of the year.

Az me and ma coomerades  
Were zetting on a snere,  
Lauks, the Genakkepoors caem oop to us;  
Vor them we did na kere,

Chae. we coult fight or wrestle, lads,  
Jump over any wheere.  
Cho. Ou, 'twas ma delight in a shiny night  
In the zeason of the year,  
Ou, 'twas ma delight in a shiny night,  
In the zeason of the year.

Az we went out waa morning  
Atwixt your vive and zeex,  
We caught a heere alive, ma lads,  
We found un in a deetch;  
We popt un in a bag, ma lads,  
We yotten off vor town,  
We took un to a neeghboor's hoose,  
And we zold un vor a crown.  
We zold un for a crown, ma lads,  
But a wont tell ye where.  
Cho. Ou, 'twas ma delight in a shiny night,  
In the zeason of the year,  
Ou, 'twas ma delight in a shiny night,  
In the zeason of the year,

Then here's success to Powching.  
Vor A does think it feere,  
And here's look to ere a Gentleman  
Az wants to buy a heere,  
And here's to ere a Gemfreepoor,  
Az woona zell it deere.  
Cho. Ou, 'twas ma delight in a shiny night,  
In the zeason of the year,  
Ou, 'twas ma delight in a shiny night,  
In the zeason of the year.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## The Topographer.

### MEMORABILIA OF KENT.

(For the Mirror.)

Here Nature nor too sombre nor too gay,  
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,  
Is to the mellow earth as Autumn to the year.  
BYRON.

### ELTHAM.

At Eltham, King Henry III. in 1270, kept his Christmas, as did likewise in the years 1384-85 and 86, Richard II.; and in 1315, Henry the Third's Queen gave birth to a son, hence called John of Eltham. Here were the Parliaments of 1329 and 1375, held by the third Edward. Hither came the captive John of France, to be present at a magnificent entertainment, and here also was carried our female Solomon, Elizabeth to be benefited by the salubrity of the air, in her infancy—

"But Time as we see flies along in the wind,  
And leaves mighty marks of his hard hand behind."

Eltham is deserted, and the splendid banquetting-hall, instead of diademed tenants, receives unlicked husbandmen; the courtier's laugh is supplanted by the blows of the flail, and the magnificent roofing is fast falling to decay. Midway between Rochester and Maidstone, four large stones of the pebble kind, placed erect, point out the mausoleum of a British and Saxon commander, who fell fighting hand to hand, in 455, five years after the latter's first landing with his forces in Britain.

About two miles from Margate a gate with this distich:

"Olim Porta fui Patroni Bartholomaei;  
Nunc, regis jussu, Regia porta vocor.  
Hic excenserunt Car. 11 R.  
Et Ja: dux Ebor: 30 Junii 1663."

commemorates the landing restoration of King Charles II.

The earliest foundation of the Carmelite Friars, in England, was in the year 1240, which is still rendered memorable by their first monastery standing tolerably entire, a small distance from the village of Aylesford, and called the "Fryars;" there was convened the first general chapter of the order, in 1245.

### PENSHURST.

JOHN, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France in the reign of Henry VI. had a palace at Penshurst, which on his decease descended to his next brother, Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, immortalized by Shakspeare. Fortune seems to have fixed upon this spot for the production of men of goodness or genius, for here the incomparable Sir Philip Sydney was born: here also resorted the patriotic Algernon Sydney

"To think as a sage, but to feel as a man."

The oak planted at the birth of Sir Philip, and sung by Ben Jonson and Waller, has been removed by some blockhead, with as "little music in his soul" as a turnip, or some prodigal who cared little about the associations connected with it, so that he could raise sufficient money to appear at Brookes's or purchase a hunter.

"A short mile north-west from the town of Hythe, stands Saltwood Castle," where met the four knights previous to their helping the turbulent Becket to martyrdom.

Prince Edward, son of Henry III. made the Barons of the Cinque Ports swear fealty to his father during the wars between that monarch and his rebellious nobles, at a spot half a mile eastward of Lynn Castle, called in ancient records, "Shipwey Crosse."

What a sad instance of Fortune's "slippery turns" have we in the fact, that the last male of the chivalrous and puissant Plantagenets, died in misery on the Eastwell estate, the mansion of which he helped to erect: his name still remains to a well near the humble hut in which he dwelt.

### LEEDS CASTLE.

If the reader be one of those

"Who careth not for woman kynde,  
But doth them all disdain,"

he may thank Time and the patentee of juries that the days and deeds of King Neddy Secundus are over; for in the fifteenth of that monarch's reign, we are informed Sir Thomas de Colepeper was coolly hung by the chain of his drawbridge, at Leeds Castle, in this county, for having discourteously refused her majesty admittance when on a pilgrimage to Canterbury. Within these walls, Joan of Navarre, second consort of Henry IV. was held in captivity for having conspired against her son-in-law's life, until conveyed to Pevensey, by her jailor, Sir John Pelham.

Edward the Black Prince received the order of knighthood at Stone Castle, near Gravesend.

Dartford was the first scene of Wat Tyler's patriotism; here also Henry the Third's sister, Isabella, was married by proxy, to the Emperor Frederick, A. D. 1235; and in 1331, Edward III. returning from France, astonished the people with jousts and a splendid tournament. The latter prince seems to have entertained a *penchant* for this town, for in 1335 he founded a nunnery, to which retired early in life, Bridget, of York, one of the daughters of Edward IV. Henry VIII. subsequent to the abolition of the monasteries, repaired this building and fitted it up for a palace; and during her progress through this county, his daughter, Elizabeth, resided here two days. "The only remains of this monastic pile at present consist of a lofty embattled gateway, with some adjoining buildings used as a farmhouse;" but

"The tower by war or tempest bent,  
While yet may frown one battlement,  
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye,  
Each ivied arch and pillar lone,  
Plead haughtily for glories gone."

The original foundation of the bridge is supposed to be as ancient as the reign of Edward III. Within the church lies Sir John Spielman, the original introducer of the manufacture of paper in England, who died in 1607; the site of his paper-mill is now occupied by the gunpowder-mills, on the banks of the Darent.

Faversham is supposed to have been the residence of the Saxon kings.

Athelstan, about the year 930, assembled his Archbishops and Council to enact laws, and arrange methods for their observance in this town. So pleased with its situation was King Stephen and his family, that they erected an abbey here, and endowed it with numerous privileges; the two gateways of which were, in consequence of their

ruinous condition, removed about fifty years ago. The most memorable modern event here, was the dreadful explosion, on the 17th of April, 1781, of the government powder-mills, whereby the workmen lost their lives, and the buildings of Faversham and the adjoining village of Davington were unroofed. The noise was heard at twenty miles distant.

Westenhanger House, some short space from Hythe, was one of the spots selected by King Henry II. to conceal fair Rosamond, previous to her removal to Woodstock—we find her "moated round with a drawbridge, a gatehouse, and a strong and lofty portal springing from polygonal pillars, and secured by a portcullis, and the outer walls high, and strengthened with towers, some square, others circular, and the whole embattled."

Within Hever Castle it was that Henry VIII. passed his courtship of the lovely and unfortunate Anne Boleyn. It is traditionally affirmed, that when on his approach, he was wont to sound his bugle at the summit of an adjacent hill, for his "ladye love" and her domestic to prepare.

Studfall Castle was one of the five forts or watch towers, erected by Theodosius.

Through the Reculver's channel Harold's fleet is said to have sailed—a legend of considerable probability, on account of its shelter from storms and shoals. Ethelbert is supposed to have been interred within the church, as Weever states he saw a monument of very antique form, surmounted by two spires, in the south chantry. Leland, speaking of the chancel, says, "that at the entrance was one of the fairest and most stately crosses he had ever beheld."

A KENTISHMAN.

## The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKESPEARE.

GODFREY SCHALCKEN THE PAINTER,  
KING WILLIAM, AND THE TALLOW  
CANDLE, &c.

GODFREY SCHALCKEN was born at Dort, in 1643. He acquired the first rudiments of the art under Van Hoogstreten, but afterwards improved himself in the school of Gerard Dow. He soon began (says Walpole) to display his genius; but his chief practice was to paint candle lights. He placed the object and a candle in a dark room; and looking through a small hole, painted by day-

light what he saw in the dark chamber. Sometimes he did portraits in that manner, and came to England with that view, but found the business too much engrossed by Kneller and others. Yet he once drew King William; but as the piece was to be by candle-light, he gave his majesty the candle to hold, till the tallow ran down his fingers. As if to justify this ill breeding, he drew his own picture in the same situation. Delicacy was no part of his character. Having drawn a lady who was marked with the small pox, but had handsome hands, she asked him, when the face was finished, if she must not sit for her hands? "No," replied the boor, "I always draw them from my housemaid's." P. T. W.

**TITLES OF THE SOVEREIGN OF PERSIA.**  
In the preamble of a treaty concluded with Col. Malcolm, we find the sovereign thus designating himself—"The High King, whose court is like that of Solomon's, the asylum of the world, the sign of the power of God, the jewel in the ring of kings, the ornament on the cheek of eternal empire, the grace of the beauty of sovereignty and royalty; the king of the universe like Caherman, the mansion of mercy and justice, the phoenix of good fortune, the eminence of never-fading prosperity, the king powerful as Alexander, who has no equal among the princes, exalted to majesty by the heavens in this globe, a shade from the shade of the most high, a prince before whom the sun is concealed," &c.

#### ASHANTEE JUBILEE.

THE Ashantee yam custom is annual, just at the maturity of that vegetable, which is planted in December, and not eaten until the conclusion of the custom, the early part of September. The yam custom is like the Saturnalia. Neither theft, intrigue, nor assault are punishable during the continuance; but the grossest liberty prevails, and each sex abandons itself to its passions. It continues for a week, at the end of which time it is considered the height of rudeness for any black lady to taunt another by alluding to any circumstance that may have passed during this tropical carnival.—*Bourdich.*

#### OATHS.

THE best and most emphatic oath upon record is the following: Sometime after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the deputies of the reformed were treating with the king, the queen-mother, and some of the council for a peace. The articles were mutually agreed on; the

question was upon the security of the performance. After some particulars propounded and rejected, the queen-mother said—"Is not the word of a king sufficient security?" One of the deputies said—"No, by St. Bartholomew, madam!"

#### TRIFLING MISTAKE.

A GENTLEMAN staying at the Black Swan at Y— being seized with lunacy, the late Dr. B. physician to the Asylum, was sent for in the night to visit him, and, by mistake of the chambermaid, was shown into a wrong lodging-room, in which there happened to be a very passionate gentleman, who, jumping out of bed in a rage, asked the doctor who he was, and what the devil he wanted. The doctor desired him to compose himself, and he would not hurt him. "Compose the devil! what do you mean?" "I mean, my good man," said the doctor, taking him by the shoulder, "that you must get into bed again, and compose yourself, while I consider your unhappy case." At which the gentleman, losing all patience, had just prepared to punish the doctor's unlucky head, when the chamber-maid returned to say—"O laws, sir, I've shown you into the wrong room!"

#### AUTHENTIC RECORDS OF OLDEN TIMES.

THE most ancient geographical chart which now remains as a monument of the state of science in the middle ages, is founded on a manuscript of the *Chronique de St. Denis*. There the three parts of the earth then known are so represented, that Jerusalem is placed in the centre of the globe, and Alexandria near to it as Nazareth.

#### COGENT REASON.

ON the evening of St. Bartholomew, during the massacre, a citizen of Paris, reputed to be very rich, was closely pursued by an assassin, sword in hand, to whom the citizen kept crying—"Sir, sir, you are mistaken, I am really a true Catholic!" "Very possibly," replied the other, at the same time piercing him with his sword, "but your money is heretic."

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